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Ireland's Letter
A N

ANSWER
TO A
LETTER

Sent by

E—ce B—ll, Esq;



(Price Four Pence)

1718

И А

Я З В Г И А



Я З Т Г Н

272

ртв. №—99—А

(Price List Price)

Pr

A N
A N S W E R
From the
Lord * * * * *
In *I R E L A N D*,
TO A
L E T T E R
Sent by
E—ce B—ll, Esq; *K*
In *E N G L A N D*.

*He first consider'd, which was better,
To answer or to burn the Letter :
But guessing that it might import,
Tho' nothing else, at least his Sport,
He open'd it, and read it out,
With many a Smile, and leering Flout ;
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what he design'd.* [Hudr.

L O N D O N,
Printed for *J. Roberts* in *Warwick-Lane*, 1718.

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БИВАМА

From E

... * * * * **big**

THE REEL AND

A-O-T

LETTER



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— 68 —

THE MIGHTY

YONDAM



A N

ANSWER, &c.

Dublin, Nov. 16, 1718.

SIR,

YOUR Friends receiv'd with aking Hearts,
The Token of your *Wit* and *Parts*.

Inscrib'd it is unto the L O R D, * * * *

As *Capitals* thereon accord.

B

But

But here no Lords your *Bratt* adopt,
Save I, (*my Lord!*) both humpt, and cropt,
Your old Friend *Ralph*, the *Pickled Tapster*,
At Puns and Jokes your *Brother Dapster*.
Why would you send the *Vagrant* here,
For every *Ass* to flout and jeer?
These airy Flights of *Skull of Paper*,
Like Paper-Kites, that fly a Taper.

Make

Make waggish Boys laugh.— 'tis a plain Case;

And this your Book proves, Master *Eustace*!

First for its *Truth*, and nice *Decorum*,

Pages full forty two will show 'em :

Show Talents keen as those of *Chares*,

When he for Interest *Honour* barters.

Or when a Maid — to him sow'r Grapes,

His Lust, but not his *Tongue* escapes.

If so unfashionable here, avoid blood when air is bad.

At first you *Modest* did appear,

How much our Clime, Sir, has refin'd you, & friend

In twenty Pages I do find true.

There your *Dispatches* load the Post. p. 9

And here your Ships defend the Coast. p. 7

Thus your stout Loyalty and Zeal, p. 10

PROPT UP OUR SINKING COMMON-WEAL.

For which, — but you're a *modest* Elf,

Lords press'd in vain a *little* Pelf :

Ah ! Sir, a L * * * * may sometimes doat !

What ! — pay such Zeal with one *small* Note.

Zeal kindled by that brighter Flame,

Which burnt in *Addi* — what's his Name ?

Who *nearest* to your *Blood* ally'd,

Deign'd to take *W—k* for his Bride.

Your

Your Policy, or Zeal, or both,

Were certainly of *Irish Growth*,

Till turn'd to *Venom*, how they flourish'd !

For here, Sir, — not a *Viper's* nourish'd.

Now in the *Ballance* let us try,

Your Vig'lance and Sagacity.

This Frauds with subtle Ken explores ;

That the infected State restores.

Yours

— But

— But how? —— make you in Office Cheif;

The House of —— (grant us Heav'n Belief !) p.23

Will grow too Hot for one *State-Thief*.

But here, they say, your vain *Conceit*,

Has set your *Head*, where stood your *Feet*.

That your inverted *Eyes* mistake,

And for a * *Plumb* a † *Strawb'ry* take.

* In modern Dictionaries signifies 100000 l.

† Such a one has blossom'd by Tom's Coffee-House 20 Years.

Hence

Hence 'tis, your Breeding to your Betters, —

So quaintly polish'd by *Belles-Letters*, — p. 15

Mark'd *Maddocks* and his Master Poor, — p. 23

To have them both kick'd out a Door. —

Mistaken Squire! — No more the *First*,

Is with your Pride, and Ins'lence curst.

The *L*—ds have turn'd his *outer Room*, — p. 15

His *little Desk*, and *Office-Broom*,

Into the *Seal, Scrutore, and Place*,

Which once your *Worship* did so grace.

onish

Yet

His * Patron too, as Letters mark,

Shines still the same, for all you *bark* ;

Yet had you there spent all your *Spleen*,

You now and then on *Stephen's Green*

Might still have melted *Maidens stale*

With *Verses*, ————— or with *Bottle Ale*.

But since with *Rep of Belles* you sport,

With *Chaplins* you must *Nabbies Court*.

C Why

10 Mr. Secretary Web—r.

Why would you, *Squire*, the *Fair one* stain?

Why spurt at *her* your Ink in vain?

See! her Complection's still the same!

Oh! could we thus pronounce your Fame!

Now Blessing on you for your News,

A welcome Present to my Muse.

You say you'll *Speech* it in the House;

At which I *squint*, and eke my Spouse.

For here Provision for the Br——ch,

Grows scarce.—— but you will print your Speech.

What gives our Hearts the most Delight,

Is great K—— G—— in *black and white*, p. 31

Drawn with such Force by your *bold Quill*,

It mocks ev'n *Kneller's boasted Skill*. p. 32

Portly, you say, as I remember, p. 31

And not unlike a *Country Member*.

How must our Wives then you admire,

Since you are turning *Country Squire!*

We heard (before he blest this Land) saying and

Of his *true Heart* and his *bold Hand* ;

But knew not till this News you writ,

That his Accompts he could *audit* ;

We *Sots* rejoice, he favours *Trade*,

While you extoll the *Masquerade*,

weH

5. C

The

The *Opera* and *Italian Fiddles*, *did s. not moy do* p. 34

Fine *Bons Mots*, and plain *English Quibbles*. *cl p. 34*

But should you here such Ware retail, *boldw. is to*

You'd scarce get *Tick* for Pots of Ale. *g. of boy y. M*

Since *Bing*, God bless him, won the Day

Our Bards sing *Triumphs*, — drink and *pay* ;

They sing those too who rule the Roast,

As *Europe's Wonder*, *Britain's Boast*.

While you play *Poppets*, that can't stand, p. 30

Nor move without an *able Hand*.

To

To such you sink a big-born Breed,

Because you like not their State-Creed;

For all which, in due Place and Time,

May you to big Preferment climb.

F I N I S.



